

# ANIMAL COMICS

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1944

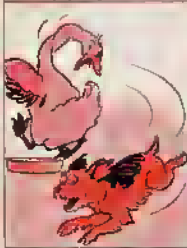
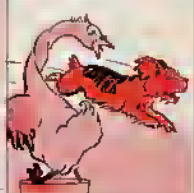
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# ANIMAL ANTICS



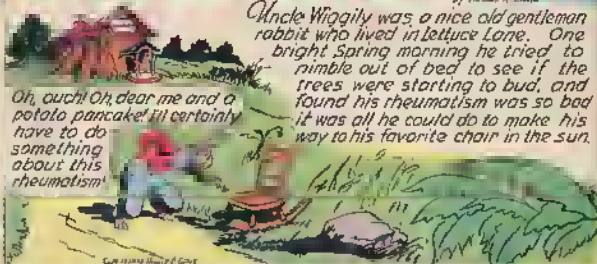
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# The Adventures of UNCLE WIGGILY

by Howard R. Barker

Uncle Wiggily was a nice old gentleman rabbit who lived in Lettuce Lane. One bright Spring morning he tried to nimble out of bed to see if the trees were starting to bud, and found his rheumatism was so bad it was all he could do to make his way to his favorite chair in the sun.

Oh, ouch! Oh, dear me and a potato pancake! I'll certainly have to do something about this rheumatism!



Uncle Wiggily, you had better see Dr. Possum about that rheumatism. It seems to be getting worse and worse.

That is an excellent idea, Nurse Jane. I'll go this minute!

So Uncle Wiggily hobbled off down the road to see the good doctor.

Oh, my, this rheumatism! Oh, goodness me and a chocolate cupcake!



Mmm! Yes, it must be  
your rheumatism.  
You have it very  
bad

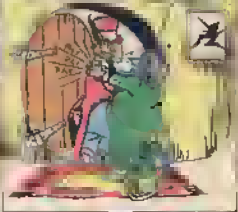
Well, my goodness, I knew  
that before I came here!  
What I want is something  
to cure it.



Ha, hum! What you need is a change of air.  
Go on a journey Get lots of  
sun, and see a change of  
scenery. You don't get  
enough exercise.

Exercise!  
Why, my goodness  
sakes alive and a  
bunch of lilacs, don't  
I play checkers almost every  
night with Granpa Gander?

That isn't enough. You must  
travel here, and travel there,  
and see lots of new things.



So that afternoon found Uncle Wiggily starting down the  
long lane, cane in hand, with a lunch basket full of  
good things cooked by Nurse Jane.

I do declare, I believe Dr Possum  
was right. I feel better  
already!



And he twirled his cane like a drum major and hopped as gaily as possible down the path.



Before long the sun grew warmer and warmer and Uncle Wiggily began to feel hungry

My, my, how very tempting it looks!



It does indeed!

What? My goodness and a fat bumble bee! Who's that?



Well, hello-who are you?



Well, I do declare!



My gracious sakes and a new  
spring bonnet!



There, is that worth indeed it is! But I'd  
something to eat? have given you some  
thing without your  
doing all those tricks.



Where did you learn those wonderful  
flip-flops?

Oh, in the circus where  
I used to work. I always had  
to do tricks for my dinner.



And what is your name?

My name's Fido Flip-Flip.  
That's because I do so  
many of them.

I am out to find a cure for my  
rheumatism

And I'm out to seek  
my fortune. Suppose we  
travel together.



That's just what we'll do!

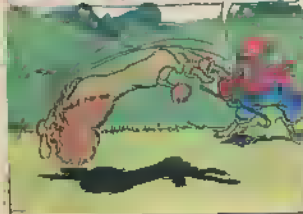


And as the two friends made their way down the road, a new idea came to Uncle Wiggily.

My slaps and garters! Why didn't I think of it before? Do you suppose if you taught me the flip-flops it might cure my rheumatism?



That looks easy enough! Now I'll try.



My goodness, it's harder than it looks.

Indeed it is! Come, try again.



Who knows? It might. Here, do this Uncle Wiggily.



What did I do wrong?

Just about everything. Try again.



And so all morning Uncle Wiggily tried to learn the flip-flops. But instead of getting better he got worse and worse. Finally he gave up in despair.

I'm very much afraid I'll never learn to do flip-flops.

Yes, it looks like we'll have to find another cure for your rheumatism.

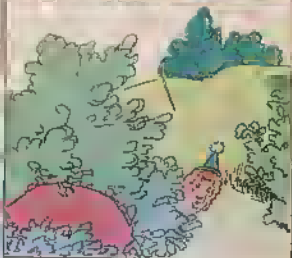




And so, off they started once more.  
Up hills, down dales, and along  
the woods. Suddenly Fido Flip-  
Flop stopped.

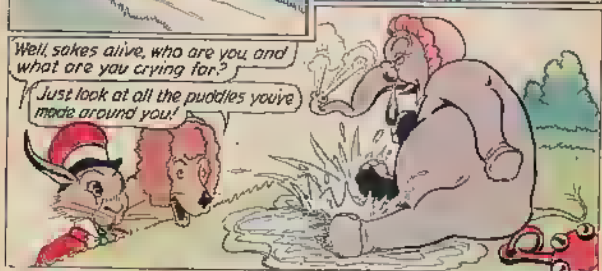
Hey, look what's here, Uncle Wiggily.

Hush, do you hear someone crying,  
Uncle Wiggily? 'Land sakes, and a  
basket of soap bubbles,  
it must be a giant, it  
sounds so loud!'



Well, sakes alive, who are you and  
what are you crying for?

Just look at all the puddles you've  
made around you!



Boo-hoo! I've lost  
my mother!

My goodness, that's  
serious! Perhaps we  
can help you find her!



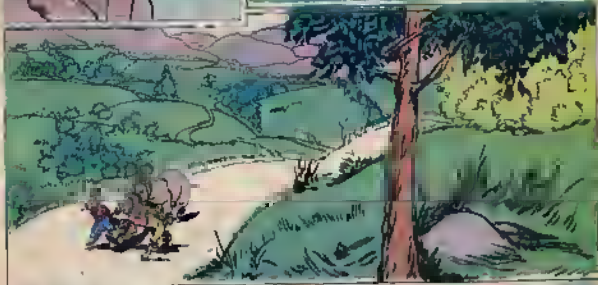
Well, my goodness, if you want us to  
help you, you must stop crying so hard,  
or you'll make my rheumatism worse.  
Now come along and we'll see  
what we can do.



Come now, you mustn't be such a cry baby. Blow your nose!



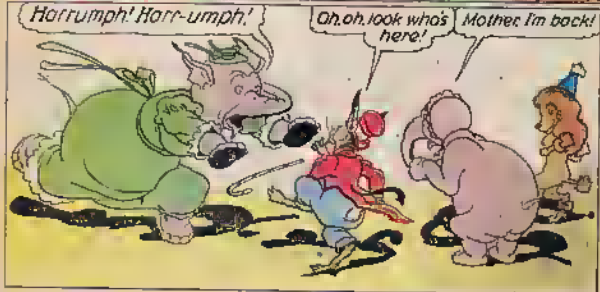
So, with the little elephant trailing behind them, they started off in search of his mother.



I believe he's right. It is peanuts!

That means the circus is not very far away.





*My son, where have you been?*



*This is Uncle Wiggily and Fido Flip-Flop. They found me and brought me here.*

*For that, my friends, I shall let you ride upon my back in the big parade. Would you like that?*

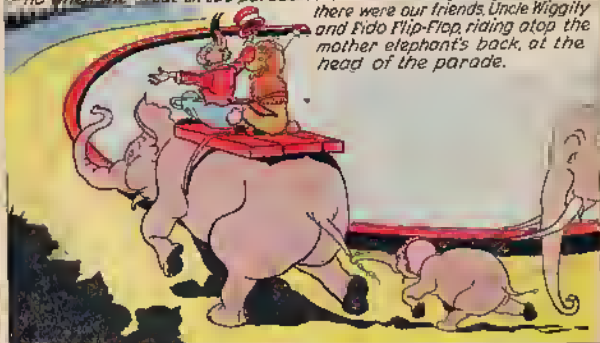


*Madam, I can think of nothing which would give me greater pleasure!*

*And I can do my flip-flops!*



*And when the great circus parade announced the beginning of the show, there were our friends, Uncle Wiggily and Fido Flip-Flop, riding atop the mother elephant's back, at the head of the parade.*



Around the ring they circled, with trumpets blaring and Fido doing his tricks for the crowd. Suddenly--

Help! I'm falling!



Oh my, here I go!



Oh, my goodness! What is going to happen now?

Oh dear! I don't dare look down. I shall have to let go.



Here I go!



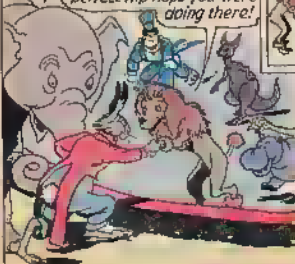
What, again?



My goodness, his rheumatism can't be bothering him now. Look at those beautiful flip-flops! They're better than mine!



Oh, Uncle Wiggily, you were wonderful! Say those were perfect flip-flops you were doing there!



And that's exactly what happened. Uncle Wiggily was so busy trying to get back on the ground he had completely forgotten about his rheumatism.



My, my, maybe I should have been a circus performer.



Well, my friends, I'm afraid I must start for home once more.

We'll be sorry to see you go, Uncle Wiggily.

Are you coming with me, Fido? I believe I'll stay here, Uncle Wiggily. After all, the circus is my home too, you know.



So, after fond farewells to his friends, Uncle Wiggily started back through the hills toward Lettuce Lane.

Ah me, it is good to return home after seeing the wonders of the world.



Ah, the wanderer returns! And how is your rheumatism?

Why, my gracious sokes and a new pot of honey! I had forgotten all about it!

Yes, sir, there's nothing like the flip-flops to cure a bad case of rheumatism.



# HECTOR

The

# Henpecked

# Rooster

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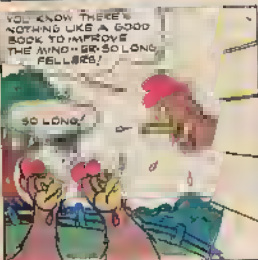
NO, FELLERS; I DON'T THINK I'LL PLAY CHECKERS WITH YOU TONIGHT... I'VE DECIDED TO STAY HOME AND READ A GOOD BOOK, HEH HEH!



ALL RIGHT, IF YOU'RE THROUGH MAKING YOUR FAREWELL SPEECH YOU CAN TAKE THIS BROOM AND IMPROVE THE DINING ROOM FLOOR.

YOU KNOW THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD BOOK TO IMPROVE THE MIND... ER... SO LONG, FELLERS!

SO LONG!



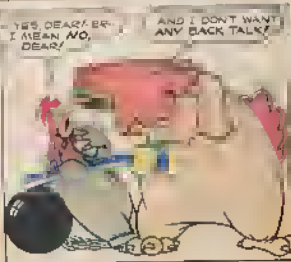
DON'T YOU THINK I'LL GET IT DONE QUICKER, DEAR, IF I TAKE THIS BALL AND CHAIN OFF MY LEG?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET IT DONE QUICK, DEAR. IF YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!

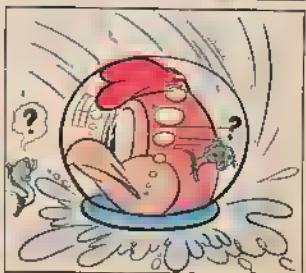
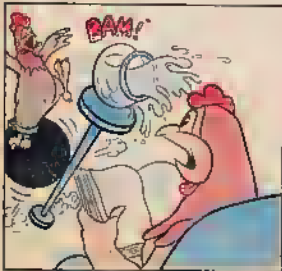
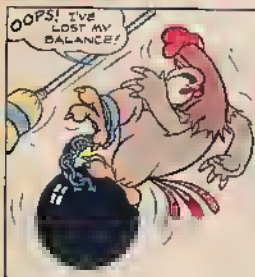
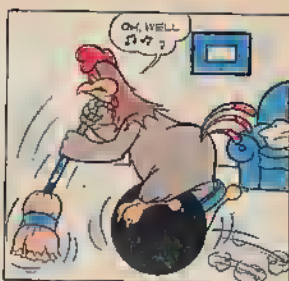
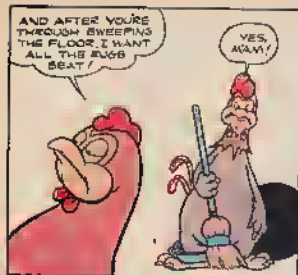


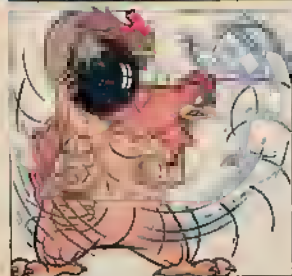
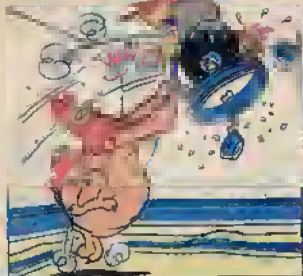
YES, DEAR. ER... I MEAN NO, DEAR!

AND I DON'T WANT ANY BACK TALK!

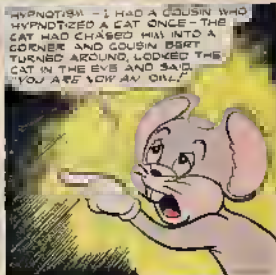
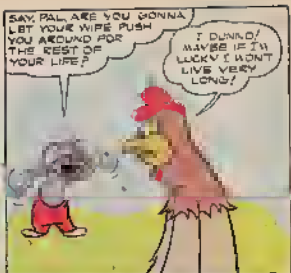


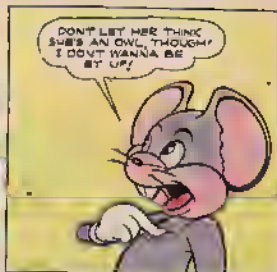


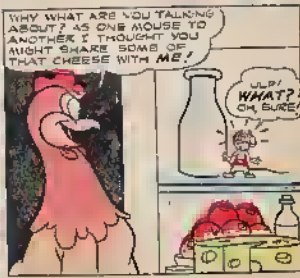
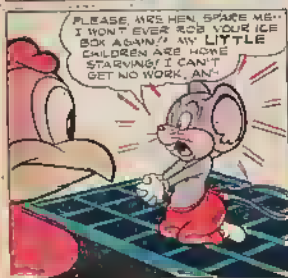
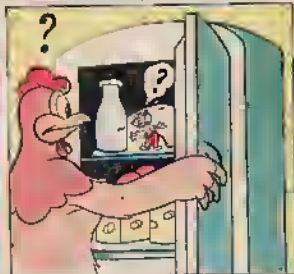
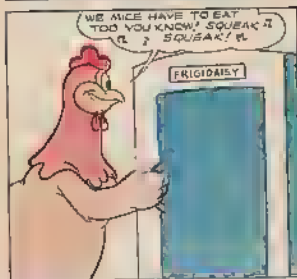
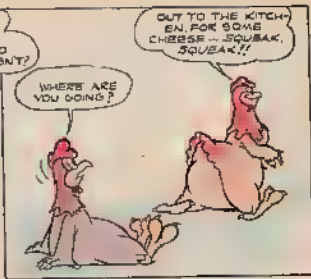
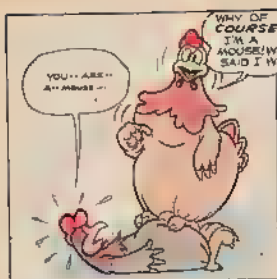


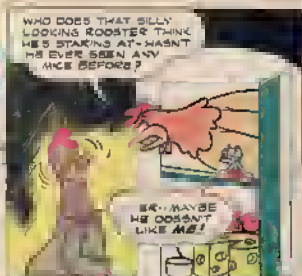


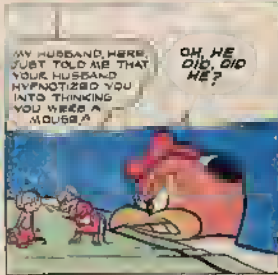
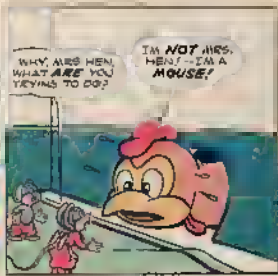
















# LITTLE PETER PENGUIN



Little Peter Penguin stood at the edge of the ice floe and looked down into the water. It was deep blue, with pieces of ice floating about in it. Peter couldn't see the bottom.

"It's too deep," he complained to his mother, standing near by.

"Of course it's deep," she said. "How could you learn to swim if it wasn't deep?"

But Peter looked again at the water and shook his head.

"I don't want to go in here," he said. "Let's find a place where it's shallower."

His mother shook her head sadly, and said, "Well, come along then, I know of a place."

And they walked along the edge of the ice floe until they came to a shallow spot.

"Now, surely you can't object to this," Mother Penguin said.

Peter cautiously dipped one toe in the water. Then he shivered and pulled his foot back.

"It's cold," he complained.

"Of course it's cold. But you'll get used to it. Just hold your nose and plunge right in."

But Peter took another look at the cold ice-flecked water about him and shivered again.

"I don't think I want to learn to swim," he said.

"Not learn to swim!" gasped his moth-

er. "Whoever heard of a penguin not knowing how to swim! Why, it's . . . it's . . . disgraceful, that's what it is. What would the rest of the penguin colony say if they heard you say that?"

"Well, can't I learn where it's a little warmer?"

Mother Penguin looked at him even more sadly. "I suppose so," she said. "Come along."

So once more they walked across the ice floe until they came to a little pool, carefully shielded from the brisk winds and warmed by the sun. It was shallow and pleasant, and Mother Penguin said

"Now here. This is the best place I know, so dive in."

But Peter was not quite that brave. Again he dipped his foot into the water, and quickly pulled it out again.

"Now what's the matter?" said his mother.

Peter looked at her unhappily. "It's wet."





"Well! Of course it's wet! You didn't think it would be dry, did you? Now you get right into that water, and let's not have any more nonsense." The mother grasped him by the tail and pulled him to the edge of the pond. But Peter wriggled out of her grasp, and sped off across the shore.

"I don't think I want to learn to swim," he called back as he disappeared from sight. Mr. Penguin gave up in disgust and walked slowly back across the ice floe. Something would have to be done about Peter. He was really getting on his aunt's nerves.

"Good morning, ma'am," a deep bass voice greeted her as she walked along. "It's a nice day for penguins, isn't it?"

"Well, it's Mr. Sealion. How do you do?" And she walked over to where the huge creature sat sunning himself on an iceberg. "I was so busy thinking about Peter I didn't see you."

"Peter? What's happened to Peter?"

"Nothing. That's just the trouble, I simply can't get him to learn to swim. I've tried everything, and nothing works."

Mr. Sealion shook his head in wonder.



"Tsk, ts, ts, that is bad. Is there anything I can do to help?"

"Well," answered Mother Penguin, "you might hold him while I give him a good spanking."

Mr. Sealion threw back his head and roared a deep laugh. "I'll be glad to oblige, Mrs. Penguin. But that still won't teach him how to swim. Now, what do you say to this idea?" And he and Mr. Penguin walked off across the ice floe, talking very quietly, head together.

The next day Peter was very much surprised to find that his mother didn't mention his learning how to swim again. At first he was suspicious, but then he decided that she had finally given up hopes of teaching him, and he went happily off to find a big iceberg on which to play.

He was soon so busily engaged in playing catch with a snowball that he didn't see Mr. Sealion and his mother watching from behind a peak.

"Now's your chance, Mr. Sealion," whispered Mother Penguin, and Mr. Sealion, when Peter's back was turned, quickly broke loose the small point of ice on which Peter was standing. Then Mr. Sealion ran back behind the peak before Peter could see him.

It happened so quickly that Peter was amazed to find himself floating off from the mainland. He ran back and forth on the small piece of ice upon which he was standing, calling for help, but there was not a soul in sight. He was stranded on this small island, which was rapidly melting, and he was being carried farther and farther away from the mainland.

Mr. Penguin and Mr. Sealion watched anxiously from the shore.

"I do believe it is going to work, Mrs.

Penguin," said Mr. Sea-lion. "He will have to jump into the water if he wants to get back home."

"Oh dear, I hope so," said Mrs. Penguin, wringing her hands. "But suppose he doesn't? How will we rescue him?"

"I'll take care of that," Mrs. Penguin," said Mr. Sea-lion. "I can swim out there in two shakes of a polar bear's tail and get him. Don't worry."

Suddenly Mrs. Penguin pointed at Peter.

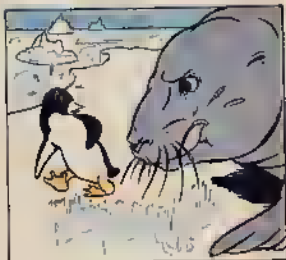
"Look!" she cried excitedly. "I do believe he is going to jump into the water."

And sure enough, Peter was poised on the edge of the rapidly diminishing ice block, as if to dive into the water. Mr. Penguin and Mr. Sea-lion held their breath with excitement, waiting for Peter to dive.

Then in their amazement he skipped nimbly off the ice block to another one floating near by, and from that to another. And before either of them could say a word he had hopped from one piece of ice to another until he had landed on the big ice floe on which he made his home.

Mrs. Penguin and Mr. Sea-lion were speechless. And as Peter troned happily off, without even seeing them, they quickly put their heads together again.

So it was that the very next day the occupants of the ice floe gathered together a huge lunch basket and set off for a picnic. Everyone was present, the Sea gull family led the way, flying overhead and calling down suggestions as to where they



should lunch, the huge penguin roared. Peter and Mrs. Penguin included, all the sea lions headed by Mr. Sea-lion, and several albatross who had flown over from a neighboring iceberg when they heard about the picnic.

It was a lovely day: the sun shone clear and cold, sparkling on the huge peaks and jagged, the icebergs about them, and Peter felt very pleased with himself because his mother had not said one word about his swimming, or rather his sun swimming. He troned along with the other penguin children, playing tag, and chasing in and out among the groupings.

Soon the party hiked on the highest peak of the ice floe. It was a sheer drop to the sea below, and the view was lovely, but Peter wondered why they had climbed so high. All too soon he was to find out. As the members of the group settled themselves among the nooks and crannies, and spread out their lunch baskets, Peter wandered off from his mother to admire the view. Soon he was joined by Mr. Sea-lion.

"Why, Mr. Sea-lion," said Peter. "Aren't you going to have any lunch?"

"Why no, that is, I didn't bring any with me. I thought I'd get my lunch in it." And Mr. Sea-lion looked Peter over carefully.

Peter looked at him suspiciously. "Get your lunch here? You mean fish for me?"

"No. Not exactly."





Peter began to worry a little. "Well, what do you eat that you can get here?"

Mr. Sea-lion pinched Peter's fat cheeks. "Why, little penguin, mostly. Most delicious."

Peter jumped back in alarm. Penguin! Mr. goodness, this was something he had never been warned about by his mother. He took one look at Mr. Sea-lion, who was coming dangerously close, and took to his heels. The rest of the party was out of earshot, and there was nothing he could do but run. Round and round the top of the ice floe he ran, the huge sea lion close on his heels. He grew more and more tired, and he could hear the sea lion snoring in his ear as he ran. "Man-of-Nine! Man-of-Nine! Delicious!"

Peter managed a burst of speed, and dashed around a corner. Then he came to a quick stop. There in front of him was the edge of the peak. It was a steep drop to the sea below, but the sea lion was almost upon him. There was nothing for him to do but go forward. Then suddenly he heard a dozen voices calling out to him, and he looked around. There, rushing him from behind the peak and edge of the ice floe, were the rest of the animals. "Jump, Peter, jump!" they called excitedly, and with one quick glance behind him, Peter shut his eyes, held his nose, and jumped.

He felt as if he were falling forever, and then suddenly, he landed in the water with a terrific splash. When he came spluttering to the surface, he began to move his arms and legs in a haphazard effort to keep himself afloat, and suddenly . . . he couldn't believe it! He was actually swimming. And it was land! Why, the water wasn't cold at all, and he didn't even notice the waves after a while. He turned over on his back and floated, and to his surprise he found he had an audience.

Peeking over the edge of the crag from which he had jumped was the whole group of penguins. Sea gulls flew overhead, calling down congratulations to him, and the whole penguin colony jumped up and down for joy at his achievement. Then Peter blinked his eyes with amazement, for there, shaking hands with Mrs. Penguin, was Mr. Sea-lion himself.

"Thank you, Mr. Sea-lion, for your help," Peter could hear his mother say. "I knew it would take something drastic to make Peter learn to swim. Your plan worked perfectly."

Peter could hardly believe his ears. Mr. Sea-lion, whom he had thought was planning to eat him for lunch, had really taught him to swim.

Peter flipped his tail up into the air and dived down into the cool depths of the water.

"Humph," he said to himself, as he came back up to the surface. "That old Mr. Sea-lion didn't frighten me. I was going to jump into the water then anyhow."

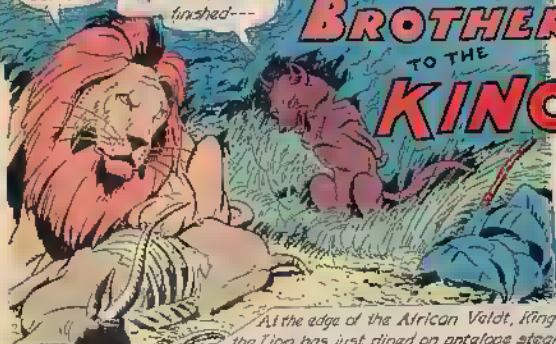
But now, what do you think? Do you suppose he was?



Ahem! Did  
I hear  
someone?

It's me---  
little Joey Jackal.  
If you've QUITE  
finished---

# LITTLE BROTHER TO THE KING



At the edge of the African Veldt, King Leo, the Lion, has just dined on antelope steak.

What? A measly  
little Jackal dares to  
speak to the King of  
Beasts!



Just let me have one bone, and I won't let anyone else touch your meat!

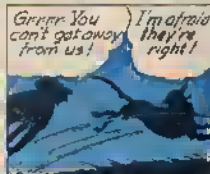
Oh, very well, I'm going to take a nap.



Mmmmm! What a lovely  
bone! King Leo  
certainly is gen-  
erous!

Heh, heh, heh!





They're coming too  
fast to stop!



--and now they're  
sunk!

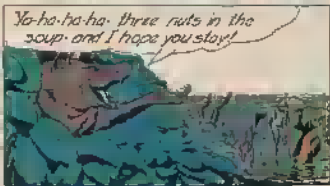
Look out! It's  
mud! Ee-yow!



Phooey!



Ya-ha-ha-ha, three ruts in the  
soup, and I hope you stay!



I'll go back and pick up those  
bones they dropped!



Here's one fit for a  
king!



I'll take it to Leo to chew  
on if he's hungry after  
his nap.



z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z

Zoom-zing  
Zippee...

Oh, my ears and  
tail! Horseflies  
on the war path!





Snip-snap-snack  
Don't you dare  
steal King Leo!

Eh-what?

Go back to sleep, Your  
Majesty—I'll keep  
them shooed away.

Uh—all  
right, little  
brother.

He called me "Little Brother!"  
I'd shoo flies all day  
for that! "Little  
Brother to the  
King!"

No-hum! That was a swell  
nap—now I'll have a  
drink of ice cold  
spring water.

Spring water  
I'll show you  
the best and  
coldest you ever  
tasted!

It's just at the edge  
of the jungle! I'll  
run ahead and see  
that no one else  
is using it.

Very well,  
little  
brother.

Hey! Get away from that  
spring you big oops!  
The King is com-  
ing!

Huh?  
What's that?  
Get away  
from the it!

Who do you think you  
are—pest-giving  
US orders?

Who am I?  
I'm little  
brother to the  
King of Beasts—  
and you'd better  
do as I say.

Ya-ha-ha-ha! I'll crown you  
Little  
brother to  
the King!

I'll duck  
you in the  
spring!

Grrrroww! Beat it,  
you flea-bitten baboons!

Yeah! It's  
Leo himself!  
Run!



How does that  
water taste, Your  
Majesty?

It has a slight  
flavor of baboon,  
but it's not bad...



I'm off to find my girl-  
friend, Princess Leona  
and bring her here for a  
picnic. So long, Jey!

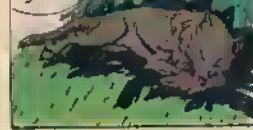
Au revoir,  
Your Majesty!



Leo is the finest, brav-  
est, kindest person I  
know-I'm proud to  
drink after him.



Ah-hum! I guess I'll take a  
little snooze myself, here in  
the shade, while Leo's  
gone!



Psssst! The  
little beggar  
is asleep!

Swell! Let's  
catch him  
and have some  
fun.



Sh-h-h-h-h-h!

Yeh heh!



YIPE! Ki-yi!

Whoopie! Bring  
a rock to hold his  
tail down.



Ugh! Push! Easy now! Ki-ya! Ooo! That'll hold him! Your hurting my tail!



Please lemme go! Take that rock off! Oo-oo-hoo... hoo!



Hee-hee! Listen to the lion's little brother!

If he's a lion, why doesn't he roar?



Soy! Now that we've caught the little brother, let's catch the BIG brother too?

Hot stuff! Zowie!! We'll use his skin for a rug!



You'll never catch Leo... he'll chew you up and spit you out!

We won't have a chance. We're going to trap him and you're going to help!



ME! help catch LEO? NEVER!

Yes, you will - when he comes back you scream for help - when he stops here we'll roll a big rock on him!



If you warn him we'll roll the rocks down on YOU - see!

No-no-I'll do it..I can't help myself!



Okay - let's go! We'll send a massa to Leo that Joey Jackal's in trouble!

Whoopee! That'll bring him! We'll get his skin!

Yeah? Not if I can help it!



Hi, Leo! Joey Jackal's caught! What? under a big rock - Come and push it off!



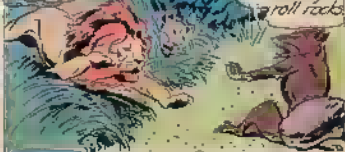
Come on, Leona. We'll see whether that baboon is telling the truth.

Be careful, Leo. They're full of tricks!



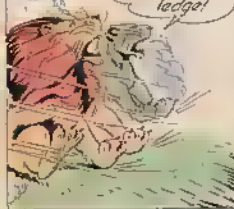
Joey! You ARE caught! I'll help!

Stop! It's a trap for you, Leo. The baboons are waiting for you to roll rocks.



ARROWE!

I see them up on that ledge!



Ya-a-a-ah! Hit that jackal!

-No double-crossed us!

Wait for him!



Yippee! I sure fooled those baboons.



Oh, my tails tree!

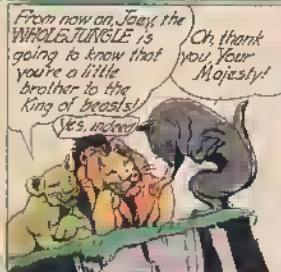
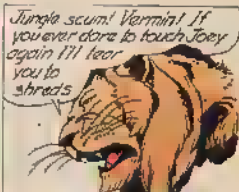


ARAGH! You apes! I'll settle your hash!

GR-ROW! And I'll take the leavings!

Quick! Up the trees before they catch us!





# MUGGINS MOUSE

by Marjorie Barrows

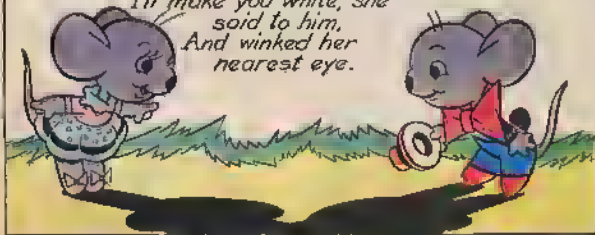
Copyright © 1954 by Marjorie Barrows, Inc. All rights reserved.



One morning little Muggins Mouse  
Passed by a big white rat.  
He stared and stared at him and said,  
"I'd like to look like that."



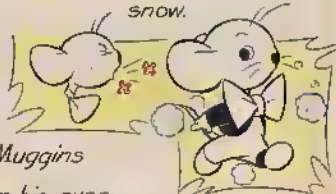
So he told his friend, Susy,  
And sighed a little sigh,  
"I'll make you white," she  
said to him,  
And winked her  
nearest eye.



So Susy dipped  
him in a pond,  
(The pond was  
wet you know.)



And rolled him in some  
powder, then---  
He was as white as  
snow.



"Ka-chew!" cried Muggins  
wiping off  
The powder from his eyes,  
"Thanks! now I'm white, I guess I'll go  
And take some exercise."



He twirled his whiskers proudly  
And started for a walk,  
A rooster took one look at him  
And then began to squawk.



"What silly creature have we here?"  
 He cackled to his son,  
 "I do not know, Papa," he clucked,  
 "Let's see if it can run."



And so they chased poor Muggins  
 And after them came others--  
 A puppy and a duck and goose  
 And all their aunts and brothers.

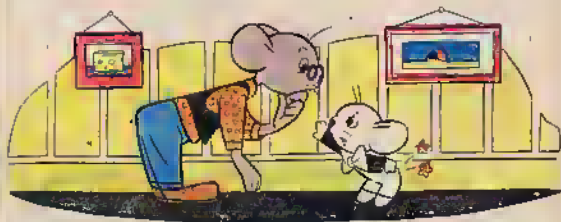


They chased him 'round the henhouse,  
 They chased him 'round a pole,  
 They chased him through the garden and  
 Then chased him to his hole.





At home his daddy spanked him  
 Until the powder flew.  
 "You can't break in my house," he cried,  
 "A strange white mouse like you."

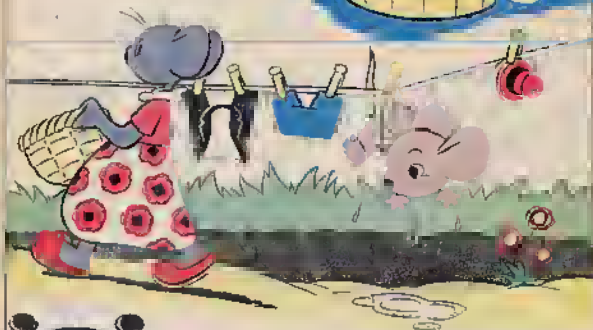


"Stop, Daddy, stop!" squeaked  
 Muggins Mouse,  
 "I am your son, turned  
 white!"

His Daddy looked and  
 looked at him  
 And said, "Perhaps  
 you're right!"



His mother also  
stared at him  
And then she  
gave a cry  
And after that she  
scrubbed him  
out  
And hung him up  
to dry.



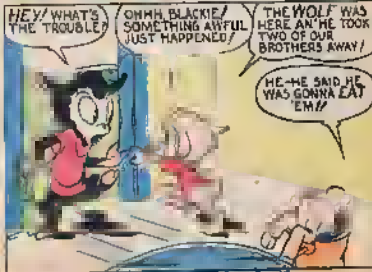
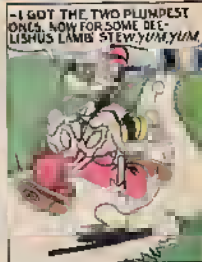
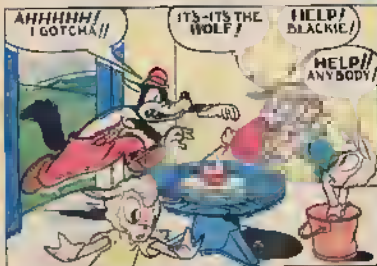
Our Muggins went to bed  
that night  
As meek as any lamb,  
"I guess that after this,"  
he said,  
"I'll just stay as I am!"

# BLACKIE

## NO HOW TO OUTSMART A WOLF

COMIC FACTORY  
1944

BELIEVE ME, IT PAYS  
TO HAVE A LIBRARY!



DON'T WORRY.. THIS BOOK WILL  
TELL US WHAT TO DO... LET  
ME SEE NOW - CHAPTER 14 -  
"WHAT TO DO WHEN THE  
WOLF STEALS TWO OF YOUR  
BROTHERS" - THAT'S IT!!

YEH, THAT'S  
IT

WHAT DO  
WE DO?  
HIT HIM ON  
THE HEAD  
WITH THE  
BOOK?



NO, YOU'LL  
SEE

WELL YOU'D  
BETTER WORK  
FAST - HE  
LOOKED AWFUL  
HUNGRY!

SCUSE



THERE / HOW  
DO I LOOK?

WHY, YOU LOOK  
LIKE A - A KNIFE  
GRINDER!

THAT'S  
RIGHT!



YEP - AN' THIS KNIFE  
GRINDING OUTFIT  
COMPLETES THE PICTURE!

I WON'T BE  
GONE LONG -  
I HOPE



AH, THERE'S THE  
WOLF'S HOUSE  
NOW.

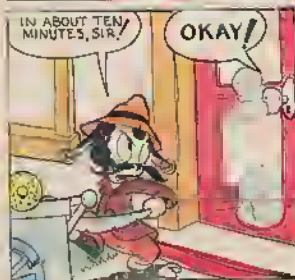
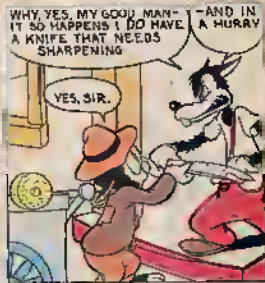
I'LL SNEAK  
UP AND SEE  
WHAT'S COOKIN'  
- HOPE IT ISN'T  
MY BROTHERS!

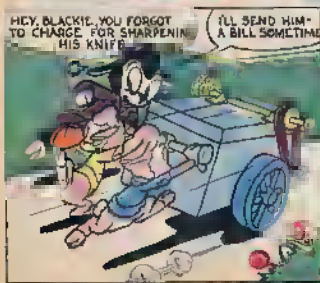
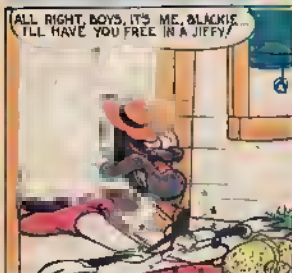
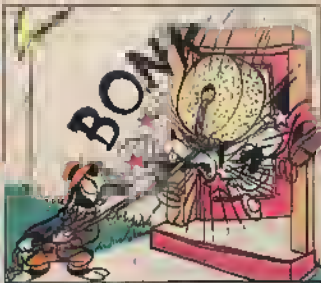


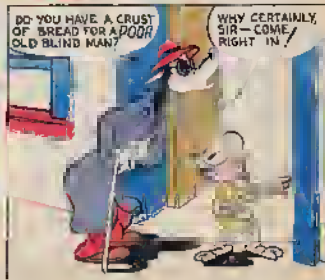
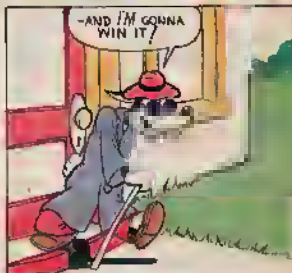
MMM... GOTTA HAVE A  
GOOD SHARP KNIFE  
FOR THIS JOB

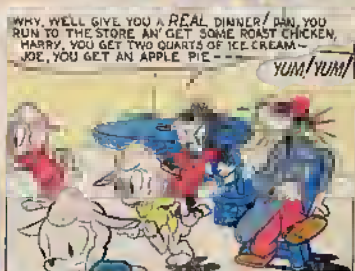
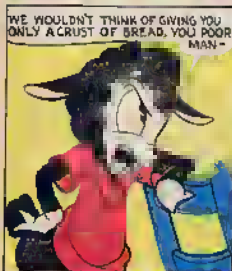
THIS IS WHERE  
I COME IN





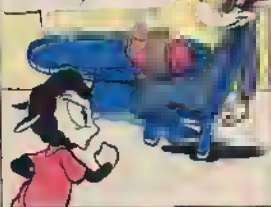








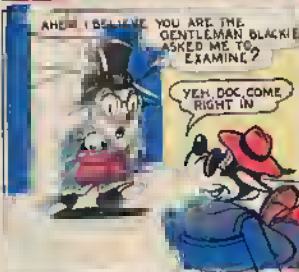
I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU, MR BLIND MAN... I JUST CALLED THE DOCTOR AND HE'S GOING TO LOOK AT YOUR EYES - MAYBE HE CAN CURE YOU!



I'LL CURE HIM, ALL RIGHT... BUT IT WON'T BE HIS EYES!



AH... I BELIEVE YOU ARE THE GENTLEMAN BLACKIE ASKED ME TO EXAMINE?



YEH, DOC, COME RIGHT IN

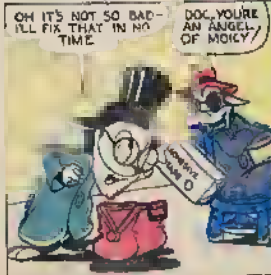
AH, I SEE, YOU HAVE ASTIGMATOSIS OF THE PROBOSCIS

YEH, DOC, AINT IT AWFUL?



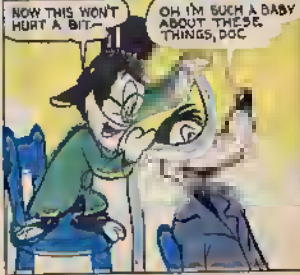
OH IT'S NOT SO BAD - I'LL FIX THAT IN NO TIME

DOC, YOU'RE AN ANGEL - OF MOICY!



NOW THIS WON'T HURT A BIT -

OH I'M SUCH A BABY ABOUT THESE THINGS, DOC





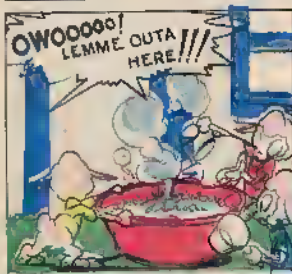
OH, WE'RE SO SORRY--  
HERE, DRINK THIS!!



GLUG! GLUG!  
GLUG! GLUG!



OWOOOOO!  
LEMMIE OUTA  
HERE!!!



SORRY YOU HAVE TO  
LEAVE SO SOON--  
LET ME SHOW  
YOU OUT!



HELP!

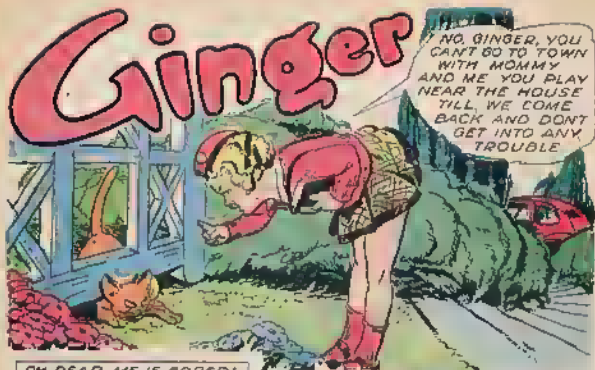


NOV  
TO  
OUTSMART  
A  
MICE!

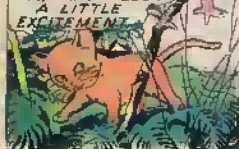


©1941 M.G.

# Ginger



OH DEAR, ME IS BORED!  
ME THINKS ME'LL TAKE A WALK  
INTO THE WOODS AFTER  
ALL, A GIRL NEEDS  
A LITTLE  
EXCITEMENT.



COLOSSAL!  
ASTOUNDING!  
TUMBLING AND  
ACROBATIC EXHIBITION  
THIS AFTERNOON  
FEATURING THE  
INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS  
FROG BROTHERS



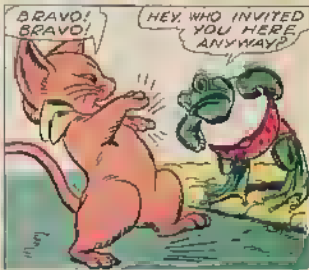
UP  
YOU  
GO!

OOH, HOW  
WONDERFUL!  
BUT ME HOPES THAT  
FROG KNOWS HOW TO  
CATCH HIM.



BRAVO!  
BRAVO!

HEY, WHO INVITED  
YOU HERE  
ANYWAY?



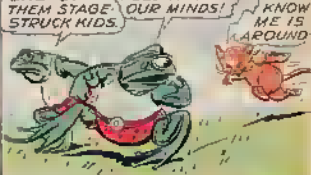
BEAT IT, KID! THIS IS A REHEARSAL NO VISITORS ALLOWED!

PLEASE, MR. FROG, HE'LL BE VERY QUIET. HE WON'T BOTHER YOU A BIT, PLEASE...?

AW, LET HER STAY. SHE'S PROBABLY ONE OF THEM STAGE-STRUCK KIDS.

O.K. WE'LL LET YOU STAY, BUT KEEP OUT OF THE WAY OR WE'LL CHANGE OUR MINDS!

OOH, THANKS! YOU WON'T EVEN KNOW ME IS AROUND



ALL RIGHT, BOYS. LET'S TRY THE GIANT LEAP. WERE A LITTLE RUSTY ON THAT ONE.

NOW WHERE'S A SOFT SPOT FOR ME TO SIT?

THIS MAT WILL BE SWELL TO SIT ON. IT WAS VERY NICE OF THE FROGS TO BRING IT.



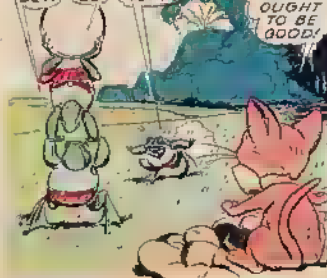
ALL SET? LET'S GO!

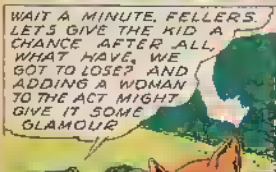
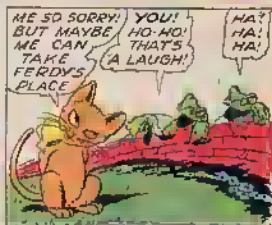
HERE I COME!

OH, BOY! THIS OUGHT TO BE GOOD!

HEY! WHERE'S THAT MAT?

OOH, ME CAN'T LOOK!





OUCH! ME SITTING ON PINS AND NEEDLES!  
HAW! HAW! BEAT IT, SMALL FRY, YOU'RE JUST AN AMACHOODR!  
HO! HO!



NASTY OLD FROGS—HURTING MY—MY PRIDE! MELL SHOW THEM, ME'S GONNA PRACTICE SOME TRICKS BY MYSELF!



OOH! THIS SACK WILL MAKE A NICE, SOFT MAT TO PRACTICE ON.



THERE, THOSE OLD FROGS SHOULD SEE ME NOW! THEY'D CROAK ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THEIR MOUTHS!



GOLLY, ME JUMP TOO FAR. OOH! THE SACK IS RIPPED!

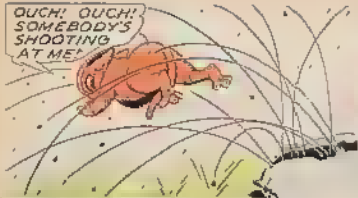


TSK! TSK! WHAT A BIG HOLE—OUCH!





OUCH! OUCH!  
SOMEBODY'S  
SHOOTING  
AT ME!



GOLLY! WHAT WAS THAT?  
IT'S QUIET NOW! ME'LL  
GO BACK AND  
INVESTIGATE.



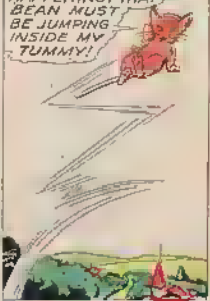
MEXICAN  
JUMPING BEANS  
WHO'S AFRAID  
OF THEM?



DOPS—WHAT'S THAT?  
OH, MY GOO'NESS!  
ME SWALLOWED  
ONE OF THE  
BEANS!



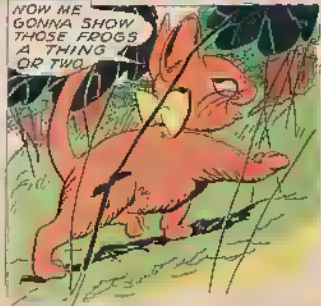
HEY, WHAT'S  
HAPPENING? THAT  
BEAN MUST  
BE JUMPING  
INSIDE MY  
TUMMY!



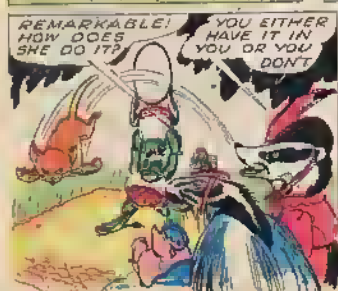
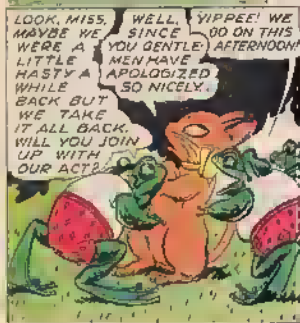
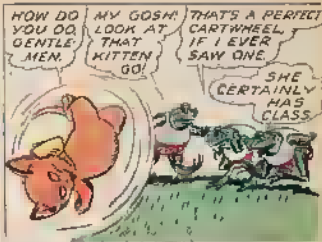
WHEE! ME DOING  
ALL KINDS OF  
TRICKS WITHOUT  
EVEN  
TRYING.



NOW ME  
GONNA SHOW  
THOSE FROGS  
A THING  
OR TWO.







WHERE'S EVERYONE  
GOING? THE SHOW  
ISN'T OVER  
YET.

HEH! HEH!  
THAT'S RIGHT.  
IT'S JUST  
BEGINNING

SURE, IT'S  
JUST BEGIN-  
GOM, FAGAN,  
THE FOX!

HI, KITTEN!  
I JUST  
DROPPED  
IN TO SEE  
YOUR ACT-  
HEH-HEH, AND  
PUT ON ONE  
OF MY  
OWN.

LIKE THIS-  
AW-WK!

EEEK-!  
JUMP.  
LITTLE  
BEAN  
JUMP!

IT'S NO  
USE, KITTEN.  
YOU'RE  
CORNERED!  
WHERE  
DID SHE  
GO TO?

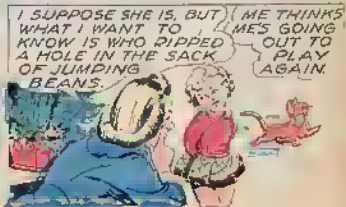
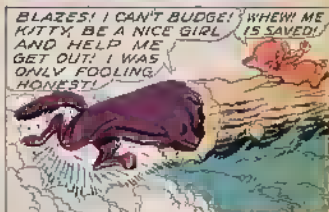
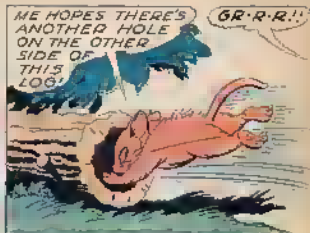
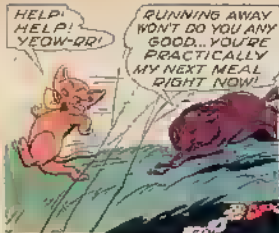
WHOOOPS!  
YOU MISSED  
AGAIN. ME IS THE  
LITTLE KITTEN  
THAT ISN'T  
THERE!

C'MERE,  
KITTEN!  
I DON'T  
WANT TO  
HURT YOU.  
I JUST  
WANT TO  
PLAY.

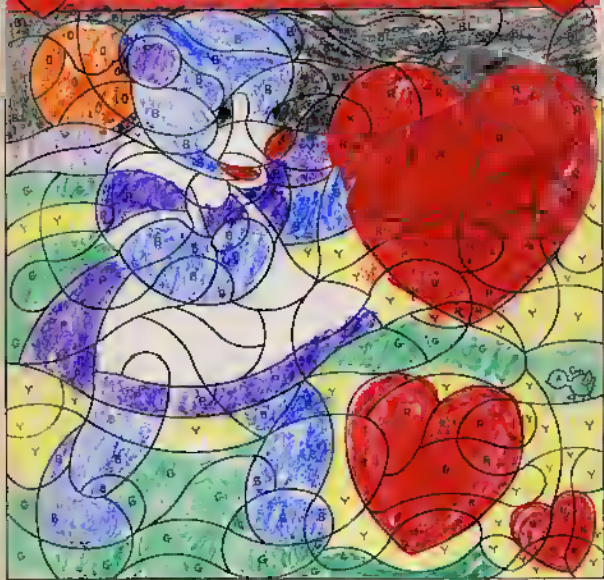
OH, NO! YOU  
PLAY TOO ROUGH-  
HA-HA! YOU CAN'T  
CATCH ME! ME'S  
GOT A JUMPING  
BEAN IN MY  
TUMMY.

OOPS! OH, MY  
GOODNESS!  
THERE  
GOES MY  
JUMPING  
BEAN!

OH, BOY-  
WHAT A BREAK!  
ALL RIGHT, CHUMP,  
NOW WE'RE  
GONNA PLAY  
MY WAY!  
GR-P!



# COLORGRAPH VALENTINE



See what a nice valentine you can make by coloring in all the above areas according to their letter indicators. Use crayons, or colored pencils. BL means Blue; G, Green; Y, Yellow; V, Violet; B, Brown; O, Orange; R, Red; P, Pink; BK, Black.

## FILL IN THE MISSING COLOR RHYMES

The sun is low. The day is new;  
The sky today, is palest *blue*  
And someone's going to get, 'tis said,  
A valentine, with hearts of *red*

Who's that? I wonder, off to town;  
The baby bear of darkest *brown*  
The cutest one, the one I think,  
Who always wears a dress of *pink*

# ANIMAL ANTICS

